

Good Morning

749

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



The Imps Hail C.P.O. Harry Redman

TWO imps of mischief are all the news from 7, Linden-road, Littlehampton, Imp. Number One you will readily recognise, C.P.O. Harry Redman, as your curly-haired, brown-eyed elder son Jeffrey, and Imp Number Two is young Norman, who is crawling briskly in his big brother's footsteps. He now has eight teeth and is beginning to talk, giving promise of just as much sparkling chatter as Jeffrey.

First thing Jeffrey wants to say is "Thank you, Daddy, for the lovely football—and, please could I have some boots to go with it?" He is looking forward to having some fine games with you when you get home.

Norman is not old enough yet for such grown-up games, but he sat on your wife's lap and seemed to meditate very seriously on life. He looks as if he knows what he wants, and we wouldn't be surprised if the way he gets it is by turning on that lovely smile which lights up his big brown eyes so gaily!

Your wife certainly has her hands full with two such lively boys and she says she is going to take a long rest when you get home. She will expect you to do everything, even to cutting that privet hedge which continues to thrive in the bracing Sussex air!

While we are on the subject of gardening, you might like to know that your father is still working and keeping fit as ever. You will notice that your mother looks very well now, and she feels much better, too. She and your father join Aunt Margaret in wishing you the very best of luck and a successful trip.

Your wife's folk at Stanmore join your own people in that wish, and are looking forward to a visit from you both soon. Brother Tony is doing well at work, and is busy learning languages in case he gets sent abroad.

He, too, sends kind regards to you, Harry, in common with a pal of yours, one, Tim, who has now been demobbed from the Navy. It seems, however, that he cannot get away from the sea, and has bought a boat of his own, which he calls

Nellie. His slogan is "Any more for the Nellie?" But your wife didn't say how the business was faring.

Another of your friends, George Harris, is on his way out in your direction, so if you keep a look-out you may bump into each other somewhere.

Then you can both yarn about things; things like where a certain sarong came from (which is something your wife wants to know), and the good old steak, eggs and chips you used to get back home.

Anyway, there will be a real celebration when you return, you may be sure, and your wife, your mother and Jeffrey are all saving up the currants for it. Your mother has several lots to save up because she hopes you and your twin brothers will all be home together.

They, too, are very well, and look forward to meet you again as soon as all the jobs that need doing are completed.

Meanwhile, there is just one more piece of news from Littlehampton that must not be left out.

Jeffrey wants you to know that he has a girl-friend! Her name is Jennifer and she works—yes, that's right—she works at the Post Office.

They got to know each other when Jeffrey was escorting his mummy and little brother to post letters to you, and now everything is settled. He doesn't know much about allowances yet, but he hopes you will be able to provide him with plenty of money so that he can take Jennifer to Butlins.

Well, if you didn't realise it before, you know now just how fast the boys are growing up, so it is up to you to come and give your wife a hand "before she breaks her record for not having any grey hairs."

In spite of that last remark of hers, you will notice that she is looking as well as anyone could wish.

We have no need to tell you of the good wishes that come to you from the quartet we photographed in the garden and, indeed, from all the Littlehampton folk you know.

THEY'RE OFF TO LAND OF LOVE—PHILTRES

(But—the flies may get them first)

NEARLY thirty scientific bodies and Government departments are behind the world's best-organised, South Africa-based geographical expedition now on the point of embarking on a two-years' exploration of Central Africa, the Congo, Angola, Mozambique, British South and Central East Africa.

This large party, which has as its leader the eminent South African scientist-educationalist, Chris Fourie, includes representative scientific, social and political experts, as well as naturalists and cinema specialists. They will carry film apparatus, recording gear and every modern aid for control of the tsetse fly and locusts, research of native diets, linking up Africa's 700 native dialects, and intensive study of social and political problems.

Problems that confront the expedition are some that persist in the Dark Continent after long and repeated efforts of British and South African reformers to expunge them.

One of the worst is the tsetse fly, probably the most terrible insect pest in the world, responsible for sleeping sickness in human beings, a disease widely spread through Central and East Africa.

Abounding in bush and forest country and on the margins of rivers and lakes, there are several species, and most have contributed to the almost complete extermination of peoples in several districts.

Previously unknown in East Africa, this dread disease was carried to Uganda, and in five years (1901 to 1906) caused the deaths of over 200,000 people.

Another species of the pest is an equally deadly foe of all domestic beasts, spreading

nagana disease, which continues to destroy horses and cattle over a vast area.

KILLING TO CURE.

One method of eliminating the insect was to slaughter all animals suspected as having the plague. But this proved useless, and another plan was substituted, that of preventing migration of the flies by burning the grass and clearing the bush.

It is thought that the disappearance of the horse from the American continent in prehistoric times was due to tsetse flies, for fossilised tsetse have been found there in rocks of the Pleistocene Age. Apparently Nature eliminated the scourge over a period of thousands of years, but we cannot wait for the operation of Nature's slow, though effective measures.

Fourie plans to use new scientific traps which will catch and destroy the insects in huge numbers.

An even worse enemy of mankind is the locust. Every twelve years, invasion by great hordes of these giant grasshoppers, which have on occasion threatened the economic security of nearly half the world, reaches its most dangerous peak. Africa shares with Arabia this recurrent menace to world food supplies.

A single flight of locusts over the Red Sea is estimated to spread over an area of at least 2,000 square miles. Settling, they strip many times that space of every vestige of vegetation and crops.

When the season's ravage is over, enormous tracts lie bald, devastated, barren for the next twelve months.

One memorable swarm, provisionally blown into the sea during a storm, was cast up on the South African coast, where the massed bodies formed a 4-foot high bank five miles long.

In one year 56,000,000,000 have been captured in specially dug pits and slaughtered in one small area alone, and 300 tons of eggs destroyed in a single season.

Yet such measures did not diminish the peril, and more up-to-date weapons are now used against the invaders, large armies with flame-throwers. Aircraft spray the sands with poison dust, flying within fifteen feet of the ground.

Still more up-to-date anti-locust units under William Horsfall, of Wetherby, Yorks., and Pickavance, a Liverpool man, are achieving far more lasting results by attacking the plague at its source, on the breeding grounds.

VITAMIN HUNT.

There is a two-fold purpose behind the party's proposed investigations into native diets, a keen study of the beneficial elements, and counsel to the natives against the harmful ones. What, for instance, are the precise food values of the yam, tasty cousin of the potato? Are there any unexplored food values in maize, the African native staple?

One of West Africa's most popular concoctions is the "palm-oil chop." It combines the ingredients of monkey, fish, chicken, yam, red peppers... simmered for hours in greasy yellow palm-oil. The dish makes many Europeans ill.

Dialects of Africa aggregate 700. The greatest problem which they present lies in the middle and west, for the east

has a common tongue, Swahili, a sort of Esperanto based largely on Arabic and Urdu, and understood by white and black alike. But no such basic exists elsewhere.

A primary objective for the linguists of the expedition is to endeavour to evolve a uniform orthography for this bewildering polyglot of dialects, few of which are mutually intelligible.

Then there are the social conundrums that face this modern enterprise.

It is hinted that boys are still being shipped from one spot of ill-repute to virtual slavery on the cocoa-growing islands lying well out in the Atlantic; and from several others, sold into servitude in the gold mines up-country.

Cannibalism, too, is by no means extinct in the Dark Continent.

There are, too, plans in hand to abolish, or at least modify,

USELESS EUSTACE



"But I was just on my way to see YOU!"

the barbarous marriage and family slavery customs, witchcraft and quackery which survive in the interior almost as stoutly as ever they did—the "head man" dictatorship, trial by ordeal, babyhood betrothals, wife-purchase with goats and brass rings, servitude of slave-wives and their children.

Ju-ju, or medicine men, are still a great power in the land, combining to form a close, hereditary clique, with an implicit belief in its powers of witchcraft.

The lesser fry, the quacks, are even more of a poser than their mentors, for their methods are those of sheer guess work.

Recent times have produced an addition to the ju-ju circle, women who specialise in concoctions to aid confinement, love philtres and what-not. It will be interesting to see whether the expedition's two-year campaign in this field will be as productive as it may well prove in most of the others.

MARTIN THORNHILL.



Window seat for Sto. Bill Gurr

YOUR mother has not moved the settee, Sto. Bill Gurr, so you will still be able to look out of the window of No. 39 into Ockley-road, as you used to.

When we called at Bognor Regis, however, all attention was focused on the camera so that you would get a good picture of your mother, sisters Evelyn and Sheila, and the almost six months old Peter, son of your brother and Doris.

If young Peter is as interested in his new uncle as he was in the camera—and it is most probable that he will be

—you can look forward to lots of fun from his direction.

Evelyn still dislikes school, and is very much looking forward to going to work. You will probably find that you will have her—as well as sister Muriel to take to the Pavilion when you return.

Meantime, though, both Evelyn and Sheila still make visits to the Odeon, they agree that it isn't the same without you.

Eileen says much the same thing in connection with her wedding. She wants to have all the family there, including Peter, Frank and you.

Meanwhile, she joins her sisters and Mum and Mrs. Grant of Grevets Lane, in sending you all the best for a good trip and a safe return.

Your Mother said she has heard from Joan and Margaret, and they told her what a fine time you all had together. She hopes you will go on enjoying yourself wherever you are Bill.

All the same, we wouldn't mind betting that Bognor, with all its lights up, is still the greatest attraction to you, and, as Doris said, it is only waiting to be painted red by the Gurr family!

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1

CAPTAIN SILK GETS HOME

NOT a sound was to be heard save the slash of the waves as the schooner rode over them, and the occasional slap of the mainsail against the boom.

The binnacle light aft sent a glimmer of yellow up into the face of the steersman; and beside the steersman stood a figure clad in white, like a ghost in the blackness.

Silk waited until the schooner yawed, then he crept to the poop and rose up to his full height beside the white figure.

Before the man could realise what was happening Silk's fingers closed on his throat and they went down together. It was a short struggle.

Silk left him lying in the scuppers and approached the black steersman, whose brain was with difficulty grasping the situation. In a moment Silk had pulled his handkerchief from his pocket and bound it round the man's mouth. "Keep your hands on that wheel and don't let loose a whisper or I'll flay you," he hissed in the black's ear.

Then he went back to the white-clad figure which was stirring in the scuppers.

He rifled his pockets, relieved him of his gun and tied his feet and hands with some cordage lying about.

Throwing him over his shoulder he stepped off the poop and went down to the cabin in which Atilla was waiting impatiently the result of the break-away.

Silk laid down his still unconscious burden, slipped the bolts on the door and tried the handle. The cabin was locked.

He put his broad shoulder to it and the door flew open.

He deposited the bound man on the floor and called softly to Atilla.

"Come on. I want you. Quick!"

They went out together and ran carefully dropped him down into back to the poop. The steersman had pulled the handkerchief from his mouth and was bellowing an alarm. The watch were crawling from under the boats where they had been sleeping while on duty—nigger-like.

Silk hit the steersman just once and the man flew across the deck, arms extended, and crashed into the swinging boom, falling in a heap. He lay still.

"Atilla, take the wheel and hold her down."

It was all done quickly; without fuss, without bluster, without excitement.

When the steersman left the wheel the schooner yawed, fell away and shipped a sea which doused the sleepy watch thoroughly.

For one moment the deck tilted and the waves roared through the scuppers; but Atilla and Silk brought her up again to the wind and away she raced on a tack which took her nearer to the distant shore where lights were twinkling.

The watch dare not come aft to inquire why the schooner fell away. Silk and Atilla could hear their guttural murmurings in the waist, but these died down and all was quiet once more.

Silk, who had been standing ready for emergencies with the gun in his hand, signalled to Atilla that all was well, and slipped below once more.

It was some little time before he returned, but he came at last; and this time another figure was slung over his shoulder.

He dumped the second man into the cabin, which he and Atilla had occupied, and returned to the poop, looked closely at the still unconscious steersman and then

carefully dropped him down into the waist of the ship.

"I guess that's all we can do now, Atilla. We'll wait until the morning watch is called. That'll be four o'clock and we'll have daylight by then. Just give that wheel a spoke or two this way, will you, please."

"Captain, what are you going to do—steal the schooner?"

"No. Borrow her. Of course, we could steal her, but she's not good enough for me. She's heavy and a good sea boat, but not speedy. I'll bring back a better ship with me, Atilla, for that fool revolution of yours."

Atilla gazed in admiration at his friend.

"I see now why you let them shanghai you, captain."

"Huh. We couldn't have got away under the nose of that gunboat, so it was better to let them carry us aboard. Well. See that light over there? That's Guantamano, on the island of Cuba. A few miles west there is a town called Santiago. We'll part company soon after dawn, Atilla, for you've got to get back to your soldiers to buck them up with speeches."

"But before you go you can have a chance for your diplomacy with this crew. They'll need some chin work when the dawn breaks and they see a new skipper up here. You can tell them anything you like so long as they stay aboard. I've got work for them to do yet. And we'd better talk things over between ourselves."

They were still talking when the rose dawn swept up from the east and the bell clanged calling the morning watch.

Silk rose and stepped to the top of the poop ladder.

"All hands there, step aft!"

Twelve pairs of eyes opened wide as twelve heads whirled in the direction of the poop.

"Atilla, I'll take the wheel while you use your tongue on them. Tell 'em I'll be nice if they obey me. They'll just be cruising round for a few days."

For twenty minutes Atilla talked. He knew the nigger mind, but there was one brawny seaman who resented the change of ownership, and said so. He demanded to be put ashore, and his demand was meeting with support when Silk took a hand.

"Atilla, step to this wheel a minute."

Silk was down the ladder in a jiffy and walked straight to the protesting man.

Without a word he seized him by the waist and carried him to the bulwarks and threw him over.

Then he faced the crew.

"Any more for the shore?"

Not a word from the crew.

"Go below the watch. Who's bosun?"

"Yo' done t'row de bosun oberboard, sah!" said one man.

"All right. You take his job. Make it two bells. Whose trick at the wheel? Yours? Let her go!"

He came back to the poop, saw the watch set, and glanced astern. The bosun was swimming straight for the land which was less than

Concluding "Brethren of the Main"

half a mile on the starboard.

"He'll make Paix Point in less than an hour. They all swim like fishes, Atilla, so don't spend anxiety on him. I guess we'll have breakfast."

An hour later they came on deck again.

The work of the schooner was going on quietly. Gauntamano Head was looming clear on the larboard.

A boat was swung over the side and the schooner was slackened off.

"You should reach Santiago in time to get the mail boat down to your republic, Atilla," said Silk as they shook hands. "Remember, six weeks from to-day I'll be with you. But make sure that I have credit for twenty thousand pounds at the bank. I'll want to lift it in a hurry."

"I'll cable it at once, captain," promised Atilla. "Good-bye, Brother of the Main."

He took his seat in the boat and pulled away, the tide aiding him shorewards.

Silk watched his friend depart,

then went aft and set his course, standing by the binnacle.

"East b' no'th. Half no'th. East b' no'th. Half no'th it is," chanted the steersman.

Silk assembled his crew once more at the next change of watch. He chose a likely man as mate, and gave his directions.

"Transfer these two American passengers to the room next mine. Give 'em some rum if they ask for it. Offer a bottle to start with. I'll keep the key of their room. Meals thrice daily and one hour's exercise. Also a pack of cards. A ration of rum to the crew. Nail up every porthole. Understand?"

"Yaas, sah. Yaas, Cap'n Silk."

Silk's directions were carried out. Being "naval" men the crew understood discipline—and rum.

Silk threw overboard all weapons except his own gun. That night the mate told him the passengers were asking for another bottle.

The schooner passed out from among the islands and met heavier seas. The breeze became stiffer and smelt of the wide ocean.

Days became shorter and colder. Gales came and passed. The schooner fought her way as Silk directed.

The crew argued among themselves as to their destination. Knowing they were sailing north they agreed they were heading for New York.

The same course was set always east by north-half north.

They were near the end of their provisions when they sighted land. Silk changed the course to a northerly direction.

Three more days passed; three days of tossing seas and squally weather.

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. If you knew a Mr. Pole-Carew, how would you pronounce his name?
2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—B. C. D. E. L. M. P. O.

Answers to Quiz in No. 748

1. Box.
2. Gloucestershire.
3. King Henry I's.
4. Associate of the Royal Academy.
5. Klav-erz.
6. Jubilant means rejoicing; others mean joking.

People are Queer

MISS JO GUY, of Finsbury Park, is a commercial traveller. At least, that's what she says. Actually, her real title is "Nursery Advisor." But the case she carries round with her is rather like the travelling kit the salesman of the road takes from place to place.

Only, it contains things like bits of wire, old cotton reels, caps of bottles, newspapers, and odd bits of wood.

Her job is to tour the official nurseries to investigate how much children like playing about with odds and ends rather than being told to play with made toys.

It's only the start of an idea that may grow into a new treatment of children by the Provisional National Council for Mental Health.

So far her tour has been successful. The kids have stopped picking off bits of plaster from the nursery walls in the excitement of having something to play with which spurs their imagination.

THE Rector of Upwaltham, West Sussex, saw the grass in his churchyard growing tall and untidy. There weren't any men available to cut it down, and it wasn't any good his having a go at it with a pair of shears.

By the time he had reached the end of the job, the place where he started would have had a tall crop again.

But, passing a field one day, he heard a plaintive "Baa-baa." The very chap! he exclaimed.

A day or two later he happily watched a small flock of sheep eating its way across the wilderness round the church. And the result is that Upwaltham churchyard is now as tidy as any in the country.

THE Rector of Doddington, Cambridgeshire, the Rev. Richard Ridge, can't get the bells in his belfry. Last time the villagers heard the peal of the 300-years-old bells of their thousand-years-old church was before the war. They were taken down for re-casting.

The job of hanging them again in the church tower was impracticable during the war, for there are only three experts in the country who could be entrusted with the job—and they were all on Government work.

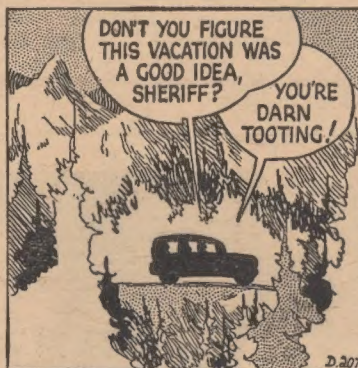
Now Mr. Ridge finds that they are booked up for two years ahead.

The villagers are willing to do the work, but the Rector knows it's a tricky business. Unless the bells are expertly hung they might come down and take the tower down with them.

"All I want is an expert to stand by and direct us for three days," he said. "But it seems hopeless."

D.N.K.B.

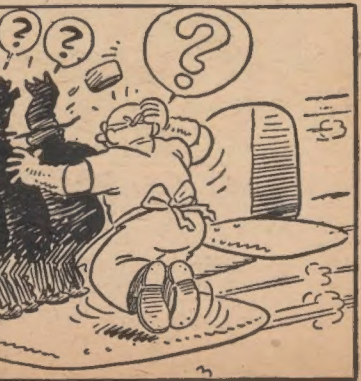
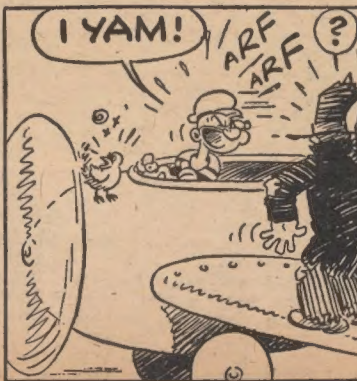
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 687

- 1. Behead a fruit and get a chain of mountains.
- 2. Insert the same letter 5 times and make sense of: hyllomeneairs?
- 3. What word meaning "resident" can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: He is only five feet tall, and comes — in —.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 686

- 1. B-RACKET.
- 2. Occasional accidents will occur.
- 3. INTENT.
- 4. Items. Times.

JANE

Brethren of the Main

(Continued from Page 2)

They sighted land again, this time on the port bow. They made close to land that evening and the schooner was hove-to under the shelter of a towering hill on which the lights of a city gleamed.

Late that night Captain Silk asked the coloured mate to row him ashore in the ship's only boat. The mate landed him and then rowed back.

He climbed aboard and went below to the cabin where the "passengers" were kept. He put the key in the lock and opened the door.

The two men were playing cards, and arguing about a hand. On the table was a half-finished bottle of rum.

"De skippah done gone ashore," announced the mate. "He done gib me de key and say yo' go free now. Guess we reached New Yawk."

The Government agents leaped up and rushed on deck, jumping into the boat and rowing ashore as fast as they could.

"We'll get him before he can go far," they told each other as they rowed. "Headquarters will trail him before he can clear out of the city. There are Brooklyn Heights. He has anchored off Governor's Island."

They reached the landing stage and climbed to the flat roadway above. A man was standing on the quay, a lantern in his hand.

The two agents rushed forward. "Say, where is there a telephone booth? We want to call up the Federal Prohibition office."

"De skippah done gone ashore," announced the mate. "He done gib me de key and say yo' go free now. Guess we reached New Yawk."

"We're coast patrol men! We're after Captain Silk, the bootlegger, him that has been running whisky into this country. He has just landed here in New York—"

"New York?" scoffed the man, swinging his lantern so that he could see their faces. "You two are drunk. You're reeking with booze. This is Plymouth. There's no bootleggers here. We're civilised in England!"

THE END

ALEX CRACK

From Professor Blackie's Day-Book, a volume full of good things, we quote the following sentences:

From a scholar who smells of books, from a sportsman who smells of horses, and from a mother who smells of babies, Good Lord, deliver me!



"Can you spare a copper, sir, for a man whose wife is out of work?"



True or False?

THAT KING ARTHUR SAT AT A ROUND TABLE.

MOST children are given the stories of King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table to read, and probably believe them implicitly. Later on, they may have their doubts about the historical accuracy of the stories, and believe the whole thing a myth. The truth seems to lie somewhere between the two extremes.

Learned men have devoted years to investigating the origin of the King Arthur stories and disputing whether the monarch ever existed.

There was certainly no British chieftain who had a band of knights and ladies as generally pictured in the illustrations to King Arthur. The illustrations are of the age of chivalry, the Middle Ages, whereas King Arthur was a Briton and certainly did not use the clothes and weapons of the knights of the Middle Ages.

The stories of King Arthur were recorded in Sir Thomas Malory's beautiful Morte d'Arthur, first printed by Caxton, and the spirit is of that time rather than of ancient Britain.

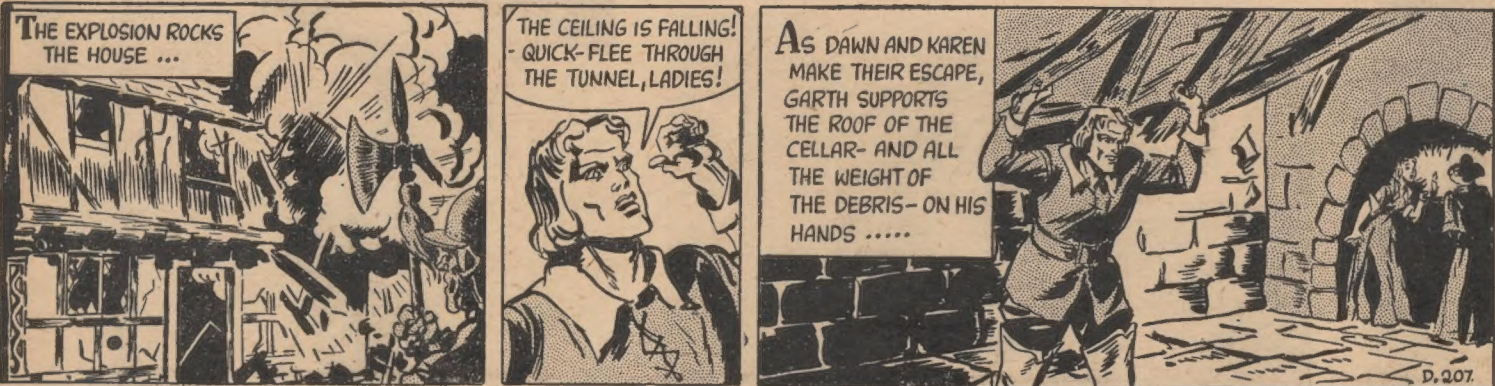
It is interesting to note that when the Morte d'Arthur was reprinted in 1817, giving rise to the popularity of the stories in Victorian times, much new matter, amounting to many pages, was added, and not spotted by anyone as an interpolation for fifty years!

There were really two Arthurs—the Arthur of history, and the Arthur of myth.

RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



CROSS-WORD CORNER

TEG BOA HEY
ADAGE DRONE
PULED VESTA
CON DIVER
DEPUTES AYR
I SALES O
MAT CARAWAY
RISKY FOB
TOTAL FEMUR
IMAGE ERASE
PAN DUB NED

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9					10		
11				12			13
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20	21	22		23	24		
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	35			36			
37						38	

CLUES ACROSS.—1 Draining pit. 5 Inconspicuous. 9 Command. 10 Tree. 11 Indolent. 12 Ordinary. 14 Fur. 16 Soldier's cap. 17 Hat. 19 For instance. 20 Confuse. 23 Neighbours. 25 Coupe de grace. 26 Eastern title. 28 Birds. 30 Pique. 33 Declaimed. 34 Coloured horse. 35 Confection. 36 Show. 37 Horse sounds. 38 Due amount.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Big sail. 2 Hindustani. 3 Treated with barley. 4 Mole. 5 Welsh strait. 6 Of deeper hue. 7 Girl's or boy's name. 8 Moulds. 13 Mitigated. 15 Detail. 18 Tree. 21 Realm. 22 Famous surgeon. 24 Chant. 27 American mountains. 29 Very. 31 Clip. 32 Fine fabric.

Good Morning



THIS ENGLAND. "The lowing herd winds slowly down the lane." If Gray, when he was writing his "Elegy," had ever seen the cows changing pastures at Kentmere, Westmorland, he might have been inclined to change the second line of his famous poem.



CALLING A.B. DUKE ELLINGHAM. Howya, Duke! At first, we thought it was Duke Ellington calling. But the last time we met THAT Duke it was on the "Queen Mary," and he was horribly sick the whole of the voyage. Anyway, Duke, you asked for Alexis Smith — and here she is.



THIS PIT OF LIVING. If we, when we were writing our Book of Life, had seen this young thing lying relaxed on her Li-Low, we might have seen fit to change the second chapter of that massive work. But, then, on the other hand, we might have looked again and never finished the massive work at all!



DUKE'S REQUEST, No. 2. A.B. Duke Ellingham, of "Vigorous," is nothing if not persistent. As well as pin-up of Alexis Smith, he thought he would like to look at Lana Turner as well. Well, here you are, fickle swain, here's Lana. Don't thank us. It's a pleasure.



PEEK-A-BOO GOES TRULY RURAL. Peek-a-boo Veronica Lake, sweeping aside the wayward lock of hair with a gesture of abandon, set out with a stout heart and a slim waistline for the "ole farmstead." Arriving there, she clambered up the apple-tree, and posed smashingly for youse guys.